

Santa Fe Weekly Gazette

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."

W. G. KEPHART, Editor.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

NOTICE.

Mr. Wm. Drew will hereafter attend to the publishing department of the *Gazette* office. Persons having business pertaining to the printing department of our office, are therefore referred to him.

Religious services at the Methodist Chapel on to-morrow at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock P. M.

The office of the *Santa Fe Weekly Gazette* has been removed to the house formerly occupied by the late Gertrude Barcelo.

JOHN Q. ADAMS AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

Our Washington correspondent, "Potomac," whose letter we published last week, is very severe in his strictures upon the course of Secretary Webster. Agreeing in many things which the writer says of Mr. Webster, we are not prepared to censure without some palliation. Though we have, from our boyhood, always had the highest admiration of Mr. Webster's giant intellect, we have not, in our riper years, been disposed to idolize him, or any other mere man. With all our admiration of Mr. Webster's intellectual abilities, we were never captivated by his other qualities. The man who lacks in moral worth, is, in our estimation, lacking in the greatest element of a great statesman. It was in this, more than in anything else, that John Quincy Adams towered to such an infinite distance above all the politicians of his age.

"As some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and mid-way leaves the storm,"

so, amid the petty contentions of party and faction over "leaves and fishes," Adams seemed to live and breathe in an atmosphere above the region of storms. Unawed by threats—unseduced by bribes—true to the right as the needle to the pole—he never swerved or flattered, and though vilified and abused oftentimes by the mushroom politicians of a single night's growth, he always vindicated himself in the end, and like the sun bursting from behind a cloud, seemed to gather increasing light and splendour from the momentary obscurity.

Let those who would be truly great—who would live embalmed in the grateful recollections of an admiring world, learn from Adams that the true path of greatness is the path of virtue—an unwavering devotion to, and maintenance of, right.

Daniel Webster was born in the same Commonwealth with Adams, reared amid the same institutions, familiar with the same consecrated fields of revolutionary memory, has as mightily an intellect, perhaps, as ever God gave to a man—and in his younger days gave as high hope of future greatness as Adams himself. But like Lucifer amid the Sons of God, he maddened at the sight of any bright pinnacle above him. Ambition fired his brain, burnt his great heart to a cinder, and eat out the vital power of moral principle. Maddened at the apparent tardiness with which worth advanced its votaries, he became a vacillating, cringing hypocrite to whatever he thought would help him to more speedily reach the goal of his desire, till at last, like Lucifer he sought to reach the throne with one bold push—fell in the effort, and now

"—none so poor as do him reverence."

But we have said we cannot censure Mr. Webster without offering some palliation for his present position. Our correspondent says the Whig party "had always given him a platform on which to display himself." We beg leave to differ from this sentiment a little. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay have, for twenty-five years, given platforms to the Whig party—not the party to them. What would the party have been at this day without them? Mr. Webster, more than any man living, had reason to expect at the hands of the last National Whig Convention, the nomination. He could not be ignorant of this fact, and his ambition would not permit him to be otherwise than keenly sensitive to the wrong, when he saw himself—the man whom the party had professed to idolize—the "Great Constitutional Expounder"—the "god-like"—the statesman of statesmen—unceremoniously elbowed out of the ranks of greatness to make place for, and give preference to, a man whose only claim was founded in his beatitudes of human victims!

Whatever may be General Scott's qualifications for President, it may be truly said, in the language which Potomac uses, when contrasting Scott and Pierce, that he "is so inconsiderable when set in any sort of comparison with Daniel Webster, that the latter has certainly 'great hope for his cause on that account.'"

If Mr. Webster should smart under the indignity offered him, and ever sacrifice, in the bitterness of his disappointed hope, that dignity of manhood that should soar above such things, let him at least have the benefit of the apology that it is a failing but too common among great, but aspiring men.

John Quincy Adams sank to his rest as sinks the sun, in the glory of his strength, behind a clear horizon, flushing the heavens with his departing glory, and magnificently guiding the spot where he sank to rest.

Daniel Webster will sink like the sun behind a horizon bung with clouds, nor will the last rays of his departing glory, like those of Adams, falling upon the tears of a sorrowing nation, gild them into a rainbow of glory to arch his sepulchre. He is now too old a man to retract his path, or regain what he has lost of earthly ambition. May his last days be consecrated to an ambition more

ennobling—be inspired by a hope more enduring, and may he at last meet his illustrious colleague, twin stars, to move together in a firmament of unclouded glory.

THE POWER OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

There is nothing of a merely worldly nature, in a free government, that approximates so nearly omnipotence, as the power of public sentiment, especially when put forth for the accomplishment of an object which commends itself to the judgments and consciences of men as right.

In Great Britain where, next to the United States, more freedom exists than in any other country on the globe, this mighty power has been moving onward for the last century, for the most part as silently as the muffled foot-fall of time, but with the resistless strength of the hurricane. Old superstitions have vanished—old feudal appendages have been overthrown—old corruptions have been swept aside—old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new.

Nor have these reformations been accomplished without struggles against them. What reformation ever was? Kings and courtiers—the lordlings of both Church and State—have battled long and manfully against them. The contest has been oftentimes fierce, always ardent and determined, but in the end, public sentiment, unarmed save with the panoply of truth and right, has borne down all opposition, and secured its demand. That pre-eminence which England now proudly and justly claims over the nations of Europe, she owes to the reformatory power of an enlightened public sentiment.

We see the same power at work in the other nations of Europe, in the struggles of the crushed millions for emancipation from the shackles of despotism. Here, indeed, we see the blind and scorn Nazarene groping in darkness for the pillars of despotism, and shaking them in impotent wrath. But the mystic lock of strength is growing; the blind will receive sight. Despotism cannot always triumph while a just God rules, and the bruised hearts of suffering humanity are sending up their intense daily to His throne. When the blind eyes are unsealed, and universal manhood comprehends its true dignity and latent power, there will be a universal wreck of old forms and despotisms, and a new world of light and freedom will be evolved from the ruins.

In our own free country, so rapid are the strides of improvement that we have scarcely time to stop for a contemplation of the motive power that is impelling us on with railroad velocity. But as we have just now arrived at a new depot—the passage of a new post-office law—and the snorting "iron-horse" has stopped a short time to breathe, we'll just step forward and examine the locomotive a little.

A few years since the whole land groaned under the burden of our post-office taxes. So enormous was the tariff on our papers and letters that, to the great mass of the people, it amounted to almost an entire prohibition of the public diffusion of knowledge. We have often paid for the transmission of a single letter, as high as eighteen, twenty-five, and even thirty-seven cents postage, which, under the present pre-pay regulation, would cost not over five cents for any distance.

The people at last began to move—public sentiment uttered its condemnation of the unrighteous exaction. That voice was feeble at first, and almost lost amid the clamor of opposition from official sources. But it waxed stronger. The people felt that their cause was a righteous one, and they determined to carry it. Then the officials became alarmed—they said it would be ruinous to reduce the postage rates—would bankrupt the public treasury. Fortunately, however, the success of the same project in England had demonstrated the unsoundness of this official logic, and the people were not satisfied with it. They said, "let the experiment at least be tried." They could not see why a measure that had succeeded to admiration in England, should not also succeed in our own country. They pushed their demand—opposition gave way, and by successive steps the post-office regulations have been reduced to their present state of perfection. The power of public sentiment has wrought this wonderful change; sending the streams of knowledge, sparkling and dancing, into every habitation.

This is not all: A few years since the idea of a "Homestead" free from the inexorable grasp of the law, was looked upon as the visionary offspring of a mental hallucination. When the idea was advanced by a few philanthropic minds, every odious and derisive epithet was applied to the scheme. In this work of opposition and detraction none were more active, persevering and importunate than the rumsellers who had sucked the last mite from the pockets of their victims, but were not satisfied unless they could turn out upon a pitiless world the weeping, heart-broken wife and her famishing babes. And when he saw, in imagination, the Homestead Law stepping between him and his spoil, and spreading its protecting arm over the innocent and helpless, he growled and gnashed his teeth in wrath, and invoked his old allies of the law to come to his relief.

But no sooner was the question clearly defined, and the principle understood, than the great heart of humanity bounded with a new life-throb. The people made the cause their own, and inscribed it upon the banner of popular progress. At the last Congress the Homestead Bill passed one House by a large majority, and was only defeated in the other by a trick of legerdemain. Its opponents did not dare to show it an open front and fair fight. But opposition is now futile—the people are determined to have it, and have it they will, and without delay.

Side by side with this measure is a kindred one, struggling, we might say, in the same womb, for birth. We mean the project of a landed home for all. "Land for the landless, free of cost" is now the battle-cry of rallying thousands. Old fogysm pales before the advancing columns—the cry of agrarianism waxes fainter and feeble. It is the measure of the people, and like the Homestead Bill, it was only defeated at the last Congress by the traitorism of some of its professed friends—men who were elected as its friends, and who will sink into traitor-graves as soon as their term expires. Public sentiment has spoken, the measure will pass into a law, and that speedily.

The Pacific Rail Road will be next adopted as the great popular measure of American progress. The public mind has been partially blinded at first

by the very stupendousness of the project, and the apparently visionary plans that have been offered. But as the people see the lines extending, like spider-webs, westward, and begin to investigate the subject in the length and breadth of its national importance, the dazzling vision will brighten into a more glorious reality, the people will adopt the measure as their own, and they will carry it through, though a dozen Rocky Mountains frowned a stern defiance on the effort.

We are well aware that public sentiment is not always right, nay, that it is often wrong, and that it may become a dangerous element to a nation. But we are inclined to think that the danger will always be found proportioned to the ignorance of the people. Let the popular mind be properly enlightened, and deeply imbued with the principles of right, and we have but little to fear in giving it a fair field and ample scope for operation.

"O! Shame where is thy blush?"—*Shakespeare.*

If we expected to find it in its appropriate place, we should look upon the countenances of some of our delinquent subscribers. Don't startle reader; it aint you of course.

It is thought if the Democrats have succeeded in the Presidential contest, the Whigs will be *Pierced* with many sorrows; if the Whigs succeed, the Democrats in office will go out *Scott-free*. A Free Soiler chuckles and says to both, "*Hale fellows! well met.*"

SNOW-STORM.

Maj. Carleton, who arrived in this city on last Wednesday, from Ft. Union, informs us that they have recently been visited in that region with a very severe snow-storm. It snowed for thirty-six hours in succession, and fell to the depth of one foot, and in some places even eighteen inches. A few more such *sprinkles*, if they extend to the plains, will, we fear, cut off our mails again, as they did last winter.

CURIOUS, BUT EASILY EXPLAINED.

An exchange paper says: "It is a strange fact that the bodies of men, when drowned, always float face downwards; and bodies of women, face upwards! What is the reason? Who can give a scientific explanation of this fact?"

We don't pretend to be scientific, but we think the explanation is not difficult. Innocence and purity naturally look Heaven-ward, while conscious guilt averts its gaze, and looks in the other direction.

P. S.—Of course we think it would depend very much on the character of the woman whether she would float "right side up." We submit the whole question to the next "Women's Rights Convention."

A London paper says that all the coins in circulation in France, bearing the effigy of the prince-president, Louis Napoleon, have the effigy cut across the throat! Rather a doubtful compliment, we should think,—more likely to give a lively sensation about the juggular than the heart. We suppose, however, it is only a new fangled way the French have gotten up of representing "*Fidelity*" by *would-cuts*!

Salaries of Officers in this Territory under the former Government.

The negligence of Congress in not making some provision for the payment of the salaries of officers of Government in this Territory, from the time of the conquest up to the time of the organization of the present Civil Government, is truly culpable. As a matter of justice and right, those salaries should have been paid long since. Judge Houghton spent all last winter in Washington, at a great pecuniary cost, no doubt, to himself, knocking at the door of Congress for the amount due him, but with no success. Presidential speeches and wire-working were more important considerations than the claims of justice.

If there was any dispute about the rightfulness of these claims, we could find an apology for this neglect. But no one doubts their justice—all admit it. Their neglect has been that of sheer and unpardonable carelessness.

Some of those men really need the money thus due them—perhaps all do—and must suffer great inconvenience from not having it. We were informed, a few days since, that Mr. Vigil, of this city, (one of the number,) is desirous to send a son to the States for education, and would do so at once, had he the money due him from the U. S. Government, for services rendered several years

since. But Mr. Vigil is not a *rico*, and consequently cannot gratify his laudable desire till he gets what is due him from the government.

Potomac says, in reference to Judge Houghton's claim, that "so good a case must be successful in the end." True, but this is poor consolation to a man after having spent, perhaps, the whole amount at Washington in trying to get it. If some of the members of Congress had as much trouble in getting their eight dollars per diem—(we had like to have said *their liquor*.)—it would probably soon bring them to their sense of right.

[We rather suspect Hekzekiah intended to give some person "fits" in the following stanza, though he stoutly disclaims any intention of personality.]

For the *Santa Fe Gazette*.

STANZA FOR THE TIMES.—No. 2.

BY HEKZEKIAH SNOOKS.

Oh! say do you see in each morning's grey light,
What so joyous 'we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
That banner so brave, with its red, blue and white,
We saw from our flag-staff 'so gallantly streaming—
No: that flag is pull'd down—'tis 'vamosed' and gone,
In our plaza that flag-staff stands naked and lone;
Not a buzzard will roost upon that lone post,
Where it stands all the night like a desolate ghost.

Ah! why, tell me why was that banner removed,
That flag we so dearly, so ardently lov'd,
And where is the hard that so ruthlessly dare
From our vision that emblem of liberty tear?
Where linger'd the lightning that smote him not dead?
Why pluck'd not our eagle his eyes from his head?
Where slept freedom's sentries while tyranny stole
The banner of Freedom from Liberty's pole?

Oh! if in that breast there's one kindling of right,
That thrice-sacred emblem restore to our sight;
The wild winds moan sadly, for daily they miss
That flag they so often and lovingly kiss'd.
Give back to our vision that flag, or thy name
Shall be to our children the symbol of shame!
And the curses of freemen shall fall like a blight
On the tyrant that tore freedom's flag from our sight.

Santa Fe, Nov. 18, 1852.

[C. H. P., writes pretty good poetry sometimes. We would suggest to him to take a better *theme* the next time he tries his pen. *Fandangos* are usually so near the doggeries that the man who attempts to glorify them in poetry, is very sure to write *dogger-el*. Besides, we think that a "maid" strip of modesty and virtue is about as good a subject for a poet as the heaven would be strip of sun, moon and stars.—*Ed. Gaz.*]

For the *Santa Fe Gazette*.
THE MAIDS OF MEXICO.

BY C. H. P.

I've sat beneath the myrtle blossom's shade,
With lovely maids of Italy and France,
And sung in Spain with Andalusian maid,
And in Swiss vineyards join'd the merry dance;
But give to me delightful Mexico,
Whose rosy skies create celestial love,
Where orange trees in fertile valleys grow,
And plaintive coos the gentle moaning dove.

The ruby lips of wild Circassian maids,
Speak tales of love beneath the laurel tree;
But let me go where Aztec beauty brags
Wreaths of the rose in sunny Santa Fe.
Fairer perhaps in gorgeous Mexico,
May the Castilian in her bloom appear;
But give to me the ruddy olive's glow,
That stamps the visage of the maidens here.

Brunettes of Paris in their silk attire,
Are lovely nymphs as sunny Persia boasts,
But virgins here with modesty aspire
To bask in beauty far from ocean coasts;
Fandangos make of night a jocund scene,
When joyous meet the young and lovely there;
The tranquil peal of music most serene,
To pleasure's masquerade invites the fair.

What though beneath the glossy tress,
The silk reboso wraps the olive neck?
Beauty is beautiful, and costly dress,
May courtly forms with gaudy pearls bedeck;
No art can make a Venus more divine,
Than those who here engirt by solitude,
Bright as the seraphs of an Eden shone,
With every grace and happiness imbued.

Santa Fe, Nov. 19, 1852.

FOR CALIFORNIA.

Our old friend, F. X. ARNEY left this city for California, on last Tuesday. He expects, if successful, to return early in the spring, with two or three wagons, in the attempt to explore a Rail Road track. Should he find a good road, he informs us, he will not hereafter be a *Santa Fe*, but a *California* trader. Success attend him.

Indian Movements.

Secl. Greiner returned from Abiquiu on last Wednesday, after a very interesting interview with the Indians. There were about five hundred in number present—about 150 of whom were Apaches—the remainder Utahs. Of the five hundred, one hundred were women. We believe, however, it was not considered a "*Woman's Rights*" convention. Many of the Indians who came to this conference, had never attended one of the kind before, and were much gratified with the interview. We shall have some interesting particulars to give next week, for which we have not room in this number.

The Chians and Kiawas, of whom we spoke last week, have retired from the Utah country, without doing any mischief, so that the aspect of things is now peaceable in that region.

RATHER NATURAL.

One of the Utah chiefs, in the conference at Abiquiu, last week, thought the Americans must like the Chians and Kiawas better than the Utahs, because they went amongst the former, married their squaws, and lived with them. Rather a logical deduction for an Indian.

Mnj. Wingfield left here, as Indian Agent, a short time since, for Fort Webster.

ACHE-INS IN THE CAMP.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

A Georgia disunion paper says, that it is no use to disguise the fact that there is a large body of *Free-Soilers* in that State, who co-operate with those of the North for the overthrow of slavery. We noticed a similar complaint some time since, by a New Orleans paper, of the state of things in that city. What does it mean? Is the war to be "carried into Africa?"

The rum licences for this city, issued during the month of August, amounted to \$2360.—*Gothamite, N. Y.*

We should like to know friend *Gothamite*, what your rum *taxes* amounted to during the same period.

IS IT TRUE.

We publish the subjoined letter for the purpose of calling the attention of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, as well as the Agents, to the charges contained in it. We have often heard the same charges made by persons in this Territory, though we have not been an eye witness to the facts. We have only to say, by way of comment, that if the facts exist, as portrayed by the Albuquerque writer, (and we have some reason to believe there is more truth than poetry in his observations,) it only proves that our *Christianity* and *civilization*, so far as they tolerate such things, are but a very slight improvement upon the barbarism of the ignorant savage.

In all our treaties, we believe, from the stupendous folly of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to the treaties with the most obscure individual tribes, the Indians are rigidly required to deliver up *all the captives* in their possession. This is right. But where is the obligation to do so, on the other side, or if there be such an obligation, *where has it ever been enforced*?

When the Indian's wigwam-circle is invaded, and his squaws and papooses rifled from him and carried away into slavery, who has a heart to blame him, when following the instincts of nature, he takes his only redress in reprisal—capture for capture—slavery for slavery.

And who can say, with truth, that the Indians were the *first* transgressors in this infernal work? The whole history of this country, from the time it was first invaded by the Spaniards, shows that the Indians were the *first* victims—not the *first* transgressors. From that time to the present this war of mutual plunder, captivity and slavery, has gone on, and, unless some effective measures should be adopted, of even-handed justice to *all*, it may be expected to go on, till the end of—the race. It will be time enough for us to vaunt of our superiority over the savage, when we have *proved* that superiority by our *works*.

From the *Mo. Republican*.

Extracts from a private letter, da